

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1886.

NO. 129.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else.

[This letter was on the way two months and came after the one published last issue which was written a month later. Ed.]

P. & O. S. S. "SUTLEY," LAT. O.
(Equator) March 19th, 1886.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Astride of the line that divides the planet into two equal parts, as good a place to begin to jot down our Ocean experiences, as another. The old joke of looking through a telescope with a hair stretched inside, was successfully played off just now upon some green navigators by one of the younger officers, but the time honored visit of Neptune—to extract "black mail" under penalty of the unfortunate passenger's face being lathered with a ship's mop and scraped with a razor of hoopiron, in case of refusal—was omitted. Perhaps, because "Jack" is "gone, where the woodbine twines." Poor Jack, driven off by steam with the burly state drivers and the stalwart reapers and mowers, *et id genus omne*. As for the meek Hinduist Lancers, that have superseded him, perpetrating any such rough pantomimic joke upon their "betters," the thought is a simple absurdity.

We steamed out of Colombo harbor, as the sun went down, last Thursday the 11th, and soon left behind us the familiar landmarks of the beautiful island, where the dear LORD had made our 11 days' mission so pleasant and profitable. We watched the receding coast with loving eyes, as we pushed out into the solemn night, over the trackless sea. At last even the revolving light on the tall clock tower in the city ceased to flash out its intermittent, friendly gleams. Then we turned away and "look ahead"—as we have done so often before in our wandering evangel. "Yet a little while"—LORD Jesus haste the day—and our onward look shall rest upon the glittering turrets of the New Jerusalem and earth's journey shall merge into the sweet "rest that remaineth."

When we landed in Ceylon we knew but one person on the island—our good friend, David Hunter, of Glasgow. When we left our list of acquaintances was lengthened into hundreds, many of whom we can never forget. David H. has developed into a splendid christian man, who is "letting his light shine" in the Orient, as his noble brother Richard is doing in Scotland. It will be remembered by those who care to follow our course, that Richard Hunter invited us to Glasgow, and patiently endured a good deal of persecution there, for having befriended us. His younger brother came out to Ceylon, soon after the meeting there, and as I think I have previously mentioned, we discovered his whereabouts through our friends the McKenzies of Futeburgh, who visited Ceylon last summer, and made his acquaintance. His aid, in the meetings in Colombo, was simply invaluable. His friend and fellow clerk in the great firm of John Walker & Co., is a son of Rev. M. Greyson, whom we know at Muscovite. These splendid young men are heart and hand in every good work that turns up in Colombo. We are so proud to have their ardent friendship, and can never cease to remember their assiduous attentions. God bless them.

The Suttley is a new vessel of enormous tonnage, and very fleet; but we miss the wondrous steadiness of the Robilla. She rolls fearfully and pitches headlong into the heavier seas, in such a reckless fashion, as to ship a very unusual amount of salt water; making it very wet forward when there is a rough sea. And already we are reminded that the placid waters of the Bay of Bengal are supplanted by something more in keeping with the conventional ideas of the "sea that can not rest."

The ladies have a very comfortable cabin all to themselves. Will and I are assigned to berths in separated dormitories, already fully tenanted, as to the other 4 bunks, 5 in a cabin is the rule if the space is needed; and a sixth shelf can be arranged in case of dire necessity, from plethora of passengers. My 4 cabin mates are: 1. A discharged soldier of the Indian Army, who has "bought out" and is going to Australia to try his fortune there. A good-hearted, obliging fellow, who quite embarrassed me one morning by asking me, to let him black my boots. He was plying a pair of canvas shoes of his own at the time, and he said, "I can polish you up a bit, in a minute, sir; I have my brushes right here; do let me do it for you, sir; it would be a pleasure." I stammered out my thanks as well as my surprise allowed me, and declined the generous offer. But it was the hearty British holdier, all over. He would have done the little menial service for the chaplain of his regiment or his captain. Why not for me? He knew my calling and respected it. He will lose that when he gets out in the "colo-

nies," where "one man is as good as another—and a little better." But at present he has respect to conventional distinctions, and thinks it no disgrace to recognize them. As I say, it quite embarrassed me, with my American notions of social equality, but I found myself afterwards asking the question—"Who is right in this matter?" and the answer I gave myself I am not going to write down just here, for I want to think a little more over the subject before ventilating an opinion. At present set me down as "undecided" on the query propounded by the kind offer of my good British soldier. "Young of the Suffolk"—or our little Jesus, or dozens of others I could name among our red coated friends would have done the same thing, and I felt honored instead of degraded by the proposal. I am not sure just yet, if I didn't show myself the boor by declining him the gratification of showing himself obliging; when he made the offer in such good faith and seemed so heartily wishing to do me a kindness. I think I failed to carry out my own preaching, when speaking to people upon the proper way of receiving a favor from the dear "Giver of every good gift and every perfect gift."

2. My second cabin mate is the *valet de chambre* of my Lord C**** who is en route to Sidney, as I see from the address on his trunk. A "fine figure of a man," with the conventionally well-developed calves, that seem indispensable to a London footman, and the free and easy manner, born of moving in "the best society"—below stairs. He disappears at intervals from our locality. "I must go and dress my gentleman" as he remarks airily. I needn't say that this fascinating young "James," who flirts with the several ladies inside on board, and seems quite a "lady-killer," in his way, knows his place far too well, even to offer to polish my boots for any reason. "Tommy Atkins" would do it, because he is not a servant. "James" would not do it because he is one. What a world it is to be sure.

3. No. 3, in our cabin, is an old Frenchman, with a prodigious gray moustache—a dealer in fine laces, and a Voltairian sceptic, I judge, from his talk. The first sound I hear in the morning is the flip-flop of his razor strop, hanging against the wall of his bunk; for he is very neat in his person and shaves daily, making elaborate preparations for his diurnal scrape. His razor needs a keen edge to reap the heavy stubble of beard that tries its temper and sharpens to the utmost. The shaving over, he goes through very extended and noisy ablutions; spluttering tremulously over his wash bowl and in the process of mouth-cleansing, uttering such a startling succession of unearthly gurgles and gulps, that I was a little alarmed, the first time I heard them; until peering over the rim of my bunk, I discovered whence they came and why they were. Since then I watch his manœuvres with a sort of fascinated interest, wondering that getting one's self ready for breakfast should be so complicated a process, when I had thought it was so very simple. But every one has his own way of doing things. I should think my old Frenchman a man of abundant leisure, judging from the time it takes him to put on his clothes, after getting out of bed. He is a tremendous theologian, as I have already discovered; stumbling especially over the doctrine of a personal devil and thinking, with many other deluded people, that there is no such being, and that "every man is his own devil" &c., &c. Of course we do not agree, and the old man regards me with a Philistine aversion, I am afraid, because I venture to believe in his discarded king of darkness.

4. We have as a fourth contribution to this unique list of oddly assorted humanity, a tall, old chap; slightly stooped; with a grizzly beard;—allowed to grow since the voyage began, and just now in that unbearable condition of "epikiness" that gives its owner the appearance of being at war with the whole world;—a keen, black, restless eye, and a capacity for incessant smoking, through a stubby, black clay pipe, quite marvelous. All day long, he is manipulating, at intervals, with a box of matches, and lighting that old pipe of his, freshly charged; with the stiff headwind trying, in vain to put out the feebly sputtering, sulphurous blue blaze, for the old fellow has the "knack," so well known to inveterate pipe smokers, of holding his knuckle curved at just the perfect angle of protection, while the timid flame within the hollow of his hand, is slowly progressing to the point where it bursts into the healthful wood-blaze that may be safely applied to the waiting tobacco, without risk of choking the smoker with unwelcome bismutone. Then my rugged old "chum" sits down and looks out to sea in a moody, glum fashion, and seems to be thinking, thinking over some knotty life problem. He looks exactly like the leader or ardent follower in some "Trade Union," who has pondered the question of why some are rich and some poor, till it has quite embittered his life—being one of the "poor," of course. He will take his old pipe from his mouth, at intervals, and compress his lips, and clench his jaws, and mutter something, as if he were addressing some one; and then back goes the old clay, and he will pull away at it with a suppressed ferocity, quite remarkable. Tobacco seems to soothe him a bit, though not for long. And yet he has a tender heart. We have two babies aboard, and his delight is to get the nurse

of one of them to let him hold it, now and then. When he looks down at it, as it lies in his arms, the whole man is transformed. His smile is sweet as a woman's and he seems to forget his troubles as he beams upon the wee bit of humanity smiling in his face. And the baby—wonderful to relate—is not frightened at all at this grim, grizzly face looking down at it. One would think it looked upon some one—angelic—by the way it cooes back at his gruff, caressing words. Perhaps it does see an angel in disguise, where we, coarser creatures, only see the rough, outward envelopment. But it is enough to bring tears to the eyes to see this man nursing a baby. He hardly allows any one else to enter into his inner life. He has quarreled with the old Frenchman, because the latter made some disparaging remark about his lack of cleanliness. Since which time he obstinately declines to sleep below, but "curls up" on the deck for the night and only appears in the cabin for a wash after we all get through in the morning. Then he shuts us all out and dresses solus. I can't get near him. He hates "parsons" and says, "when he sees one he buttons his pocket tight." He is one of a large class I am constantly meeting. And it grows sadder, I fear. For the present I can only treat this old human porcupine—rustling his quills at all mankind, and only softening to the babies in arms—with marked courtesy and "watch my chance" to get behind his breastworks. I feel moderately sure he is a "radical" in politics; of the "tribe of Joseph"—a sort of parliamentary wit, calling them—a follower of "Joe" Chamberlain, "Joe" Arch and "Joe" Biggar—the trio that at present, lead poor Mr. Gladstone, helplessly, by the nose. I pray for his speedy deliverance, for if ever the men, of the stamp of my old radical in the bunk below me, get the upper hand in England—as they surely will, if the three "Joes" have their way—then, the deluge will be upon us, in stern, very deed. My cabin mates are quite a study, in a way. I wonder what they have written—if they write at all; or think, if they don't write—about No. 5, who has so pleasantly expressed himself of 1, 2, 3 and 4 heretofore.

BILLIONS IN IT.—The total estimated revenue of the United States for the fiscal year 1887 is \$315,000,000. The total of the estimated ordinary expenditures, including sinking fund, for the same year is \$339,559,000. The Secretary of the Treasury therefore estimates a deficit of \$24,559,000 for that year. In face of this condition of the national finances the pension cranks and demagogues in Congress are urging new pension schemes, which mean in the aggregate an additional annual charge of from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000, an immediate outlay of from \$500,000,000 to \$750,000,000, and an ultimate expenditure on this account of from one to three billions of dollars. They should be locked up, if it can be done lawfully!—[N. Y. Sun.]

Oliver Hughes and Steve Connelton, lads of Sparta, Ohio, went squirrel hunting on Saturday. They happened to get into the same woods, and when they were about fifty yards apart Hughes sat down and began to fan himself with a brown handkerchief. Connelton, who had not seen him, saw the flutter of the handkerchief and thought it was a bird. He crept up and when within gunshot was certain the flutter was made by two big owl's fighting. So he blazed away and peppered Hughes' head full of bird shot. Luckily his eyes were not hit and the injuries were not serious.

It is not true that the State has received nothing from banks. The receipts last year from the tax on banks were \$102,247.94. Nor is it true that corporations, or "monopolies," as they are termed, pay nothing into the State treasury. Last year we received from railroads alone \$127,574.39. If we had more banks and corporations we would have a larger income, and a smaller deficit in the general expenditure fund, more work for employes and less pauperism in our midst.—[Frankfort Capital.]

Kentucky Fairs.
Harradine, July 27, four days.
Danville, August 3, four days.
Mayeville, August 8, four days.
Latonia, Covington, August 24 to 28
Lexington, August 31, five days.
Falmouth, August 31, five days.
Paris, September 7th, five days.
Lawrenceburg, August 17, four days

To day it costs less to transport a can of kerosene from New York to Marseilles, France, than it does to carry it from New York to Philadelphia, and it costs just about as much to get a lady's hand box carried from Willard's Hotel across the Potomac to Alexandria as it does to send a package of the same size from Baltimore to Calcutta, in Hindostan.—[Washington Post.]

Retort Corpe: A Philadelphia gentleman, after being shown about the city yesterday by a citizen of the Hub, said to his chaperone: "Boston isn't laid out as well as Philadelphia." "No," replied the latter, "but it will be when it is as dead."—[Boston Post.]

A small boy, the son of a gifted clergyman, in this State, was heard one night addressing the following petition to his Maker: "Oh, God, please bless mamma and please bless papa; but the less you have to do with Aunt Marie, the better. Amen."

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Our village was filled on Sunday with a crowd, native and foreign, of the African persuasion. The occasion was the funeral services of Miss Armstrong, who died here some weeks since.

—Tom Robinson sold his grocery establishment last week to Mr. Tuttle. In the same transaction he bought Tuttle's farm, the Wm. Evans property, lately owned by James Allen. Have not heard the terms of either trade.

—The strawberry supper came off according to programme and was followed by a dance according to precedent. Both entertainments are spoken of as having been very pleasant, but, owing to the short notice, neither was graced with many participants from abroad.

—The notice received here of the tragic death of D. Taylor has created quite a sensation. He was well-known and highly esteemed in this community. Amiable in disposition, social in nature, kind, generous and courteous, he won a host of friends. Many a saddened heart will look upon his untimely obsequies, but the mother's soul alone will know the bitterness of bereavement.

—I was astounded last week at the appearance of the company gathered by the S. S. Institute. Never saw as many good looking people in one assemblage of the size, and learned with very few exceptions that they were of the native growth. Stanford bears the banner. Long may it wave. If every representative carried away as warm a zeal as did our Mr. Green, the Sunday-School people will soon find that a new era has dawned upon their enterprise.

—Has science any remedy against the remorseless depredations of the insatiable potato-bug? If so let her speak or forever after hold her peace. If the Legislature was in session we might obtain an act, but in the recess of that puissant body we wait advice. They are a welcome and increasing pest. (I mean the bugs) If Moses had been acquainted with this villainous insect he could have furnished as a culmination the concentrated essence of all Parashah's plagues complete in one volume. No doubt he would have tried it had Parashah possessed a potato patch. If England is determined to crush Ireland let her import a car-load of the Colorado "cuss" and she can defy the dynamiters. "I pause for a reply."

Senator Ingalls was guilty of the meanness of formulating the contemptible assault of the republican press upon Gen. Black, Commissioner of Pensions, into a studied, malicious and insulting arraignment of that worthy official. Gen. Black, who was a gallant soldier, was terribly wounded during the war. He was granted a pension of \$100 a month upon the theory that he was permanently disabled. Because he is able to perform the functions of Pension Commissioner, and because he has not surrendered his pension, this republican Senatorial demagogue pronounces him an impostor. The country will judge between Ingalls, the politician and representative of the railway corporations in the Senate, and the wounded soldier whom he has maligned.—[N. Y. World.]

—Mr. Morrison informed the House the other day that the estimated revenue for the current year is \$175,000,000, and the appropriations called for \$150,000,000. This does not leave enough to pay the interest on the national debt. The time has about arrived for some democrat to pull the purse strings.

The eruption of Mount Etna is so terrific and the lava is coursing down the mountain so rapidly that fears of a repetition at Nicolai, of the last day of Pompeii are entertained. The stream in some places is 200 metres broad and very deep. The inhabitants of the section are fleeing for their lives.

A Sunday-school urchin thus informs his teacher: "One day Billy come home holdin' a little mole by the tail, which a bad boy had co't and giv him, and it was alive. When my sister see him she said: 'Oh, you crows, crows! boy, thro' it into the fire this mornin'!"

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity; but she wouldn't wear a bonnet that was out of fashion to save the government.—[N. Y. Telegram.]

—Mississippi is trying high license and likes it. It is putting money in the treasury, destroying low doggeries, abridging the vice of drunkenness and curtailing the seasons of grand juries.

A cave large enough to accommodate all the citizens of the town is to be dug at Clifton, D. T. It is designed as a safe guard from tornadoes.

To cure ringworm, immerse an old copper cent in vinegar and after it has remained for a day or so, bathe the affected parts with it.

The last slave sold in Virginia in the spring of 1865 for a hundred head of cabbage plants.

A girl baby born in New York during a terrible storm has been named Cyclonia.

H. K. TAYLOR,

OF LOGAN COUNTY, is a Candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, subject to the Democratic State Convention.

BANK STOCK.—I will sell at auction in Stanford, June court day, 5 shares of stock in the Farmers National Bank of that place. THOMAS S. PARSONS, Stanford. (121-1m)

FOR SALE.—Good Shingle Mill with 48-inch jointer, a 30-horse power Engine and a 36-inch Corn Mill. Selling Complete. MAST. SMITH, Stanford, Ky.

Go to J. T. Harris

Oatmeal Bread and Fresh Cakes, Strawberries, Ice Cream, Butter kept on ice, fresh and nice; Ice to retail; Ice-cold Oider, Ginger Ale and Lemonade. Don't forget that it is headquarters for good But-ter. 124-1t

NEWCOMB HOTEL

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r.
Mt. Vernon, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

One Cent Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

122-1f

R. E. BARROW.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Messrs. S. R. & L. J. Cook are Agents for the John Church & Co. Pianos and Organs, which embrace the following most excellent instruments: Knabe & Co. Hamilton Bros. Decker & son and Everett Pianos. Also, Clough & Warren and the John Church & Co. Organs. These instruments are most excellent in tone, of great durability and we defy competition. All of them are warranted for five years. References—A. B. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beasley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizie Huffman, Lancaster, Ky.

Misses Rose Richards and Ella Ramsey, assistant agents.

BOURNE!

The editor is heart-broken to announce to his readers that Sam B. Bourne, who wrote Dr. Bourne's funny advertisements, is dead. The large monies paid him for writing this column brought on swelling of the brain and he died of too much sweetness.

Dr. Bourne is determined, however, to give his customers the benefit of this large salary in prices. Besides selling

Medicines, Fancy Articles, Toilet Goods, Music Merchandise, Spectacles, Instruments, Jewelry, Dolls, Lamps, Fishing Tackle, Razors, Sponges, Knives, Paper, Blank Books, Stoves, Ammunition, Dye Stuffs, Glass, Mixed Paints, Brushes, Vanishes—

Everything kept in a first-class Drug Store, all of which are new, fresh and superior, he has on hand a *dozen bachelors*, and will furnish any good looking lady who deals with him with choice of the lot. Watch this column for list of names, or call at

Bourne's New Drug and Book Store.

—A NEW—

Buggy & Implement House.

—I will in a few days open—

Full Line of Agricultural Implements,

With the reliable Walter A. Wood Harvesting Machines at the head. Also a

Full Line of Buggies and Wagons

Always on hand. In connection with my Implement business, I will also carry a

Complete Stock of Lumber,

Both rough and dressed. Prices on everything as

Low as any one.

I solicit a share of your patronage. Respectfully,

112-1yr

I. M. BRUCE.

MYERS HOTEL,

STANFORD, KY.

E. H. BURNSIDE, - Prop'r

This Old and Well-Known

Hotel Still Maintains its

High Reputation,

—AND—

Its Proprietor is Determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in its Fare, Appointments, or Attention to Comfort of their Guests.

Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations for Commercial Travelers. The Bar will always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Every Week Day Evening

TO MACKINAC.

Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates.

Four trips per week between

DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND

St. Ignace, Mich., and Mackinac Island, Mich.

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CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RY

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

The only line running

PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

—AND—

A SOLID TRAIN

—FROM—

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

The Direct Route to—

Lynchburg, Danville, Norfolk and all Virginia

and North Carolina Points.

For tickets and further information, apply to your nearest ticket office or address W. W. Monroe, General Agent, Lexington, Ky.

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—THE GREAT—

THROUGH TRUNK LINE

—TO THE—

SOUTH & WEST

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleepers.

—

Louisville

to Nashville,

Atlanta,

Memphis,

Montgomery,

Little Rock,

Mobile and New Orleans.

Only one change to points in

Arkansas and Texas.

EMIGRANTS

Seeking homes on the line of this road will receive special rates.

See Agents of this Company for rates, routes &c, or write

C. P. ARMORE, G. P. & A.,

Louisville, Ky.

O. & M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis

and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis.

Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running through from Louisville and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Parlor Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coaches on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M. Railway, thus avoiding troublesome transfers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis under one management, running all its trains through solid and in consequence is recognized First-Class Route between these Cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars or any desired information, or write to

ROBT. H. FORMAN,

Trav. Pass. Ag't. O. & M. Ry., Somerset, Ky.

W. M. PEABODY, W. R. SHATTUCK,

Pres. and Gen'l. Man'gr, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

"Blue-Grass Route."

Shortest and Quickest Route from Central Kentucky to all Points North, East, West and Southwest.

—Fast Line Between—

LEXINGTON & CINCINNATI.

Schedule in Effect Oct. 1st, 1885.

| | No. 6. | No. 4. | No. 12. |
|--|----------|--------|----------|
| | Ex. Sun. | Daily | Ex. Sun. |

W. P. WALTON.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Circuit Judge—J. W. ALCOCK.
 "Commonwealth's Attorney—R. C. WARREN.
 "County Judge—T. W. VARNON.
 "Circuit Clerk—J. P. BAILEY.
 "County Clerk—G. E. COOPER.
 "Sheriff—T. D. NEWLAND.
 "County Attorney—D. R. CARPENTER.
 "Assessor—E. D. KENNEDY.
 "Jailer—S. M. OWENS.
 "Superintendent Common Schools—J. A. BOOLE.
 "Surveyor—F. B. HOWARD.

SOME weeks ago Judge Durham wrote a letter to one Squire Gill, of Shelby county, which was published in a Shelbyville paper, in regard to his position on the governorship. He declared that he was not a candidate in the popular acceptance of the term, but would serve the people if they desired to call him to the position, without his resorting to the usual methods of those who have of late years sought the office, provided the President would be willing to give him up. He then "went for" the present State government, which he charged with a lack of energy, doing little or nothing to relieve the wants of the people and permitting the debt to increase every year. "I think," says he, "you need a good financier for your next Governor, one who knows how to provide a revenue without oppression to the people, sufficient to carry on the legitimate expenses of the State." A copy of this letter coming to the notice of Governor Knott, he concluded that it was meant as a fling at him and he sat himself down and proceeded to skin the worthy controller alive, in an open letter, which, for satire, ridicule and humor is only equalled by his famous Duluth speech. He makes fun of the Judge's bad English, scores him for his notorious hankering after office and with a keen-bladed knife dissects the egotism which he sees running all through the Judge's production. It is an exceedingly severe and good humored castigation, winding up with an extract from the Judge's famous letter to Monroe Mitchell, colored, in which was this sentence: "Give my love to your wife and tell Andy Higgins howdy." Coming from a man who holds the high and dignified office of Governor of Kentucky, the "open letter" may be considered in bad taste, even though the provocation was great and the Judge had laid himself so "wide open" for the attack. The points made by Gov. Knott are peculiarly sharp and incisive, but with the Judge's friends the letter will do him no harm, as they already begin to say that "we are for him more than ever since the politicians are against him." It is all very funny and the letter will produce a broad laugh all over the Commonwealth.

The Louisville Commercial of Friday contained this choice paragraph: "Perhaps you don't know that Col. Bill Welch, of Stanford, who is big enough and brainy enough to know better, is honest in his belief that Kentucky would be better off if she did not have a railroad nor a newspaper within her borders." Calling the Commercial's attention to it, we said, "Of course you entertain no such extraordinary sentiments as those." With a smile, he replied: "I entertain the opinions attributed to me only when talking to a particularly offensive newspaper or railroad man. In other and calmer moments I might be willing to tolerate a few truly good, moral and democratic papers, and perhaps one cheap railroad if it ran from this point to Crab Orchard. By the way I am 'Bill' Welch to only a limited number of very particular friends."

AS SOME uncertainty exists in regard to the action of the Superior Court District Committee, in reference to the Convention, we publish by authority the following abstract of the proceedings: The Convention is called to meet at Lebanon to select a democratic nominee for Superior Court Judge, on the 17th day of June, 1886, at 12 noon. Each county and each Legislative district in Louisville, is entitled to be represented by one delegate for each 200 votes, (and fraction over 100) cast for the Cleveland electors, and in the counties the democrats are directed to meet at their Court Houses at 2 P. M. June 12th, in mass meeting, to select and instruct their delegates. The districts in Louisville meet at same time for same purpose at such places as may be designated by their committees.

THE Clerk of the late House, Mr. Green R. Keller, who knows a good deal of the true inwardness of the convict agitation before that body, promises to tell what he knows in his paper about the demagogues who tried to get into public favor by encouraging the latent devilish spirits of the convicts. We hope he will do so and thereby add to the great contempt felt by all honest men for those pusillanimous individuals.

THE President's marriage is now no longer a subject of speculation. He will lead the charming Miss Frankie Folsom to the altar at the White House to-morrow, without peradventure. It will be the first marriage of any president while holding office and the novelty will attract great attention. Hurrah for Mr. Cleveland. May he and his live long and prosper.

HERR MOST, the bloody minded anarchist of New York, has been found guilty of inciting a riot. It will be remembered that this brave individual, who called on his brother assassins to rise up, murder and rob the peaceful citizens, was captured by the police afterwards hid snugly under a woman's bed in a house of ill-fame.

—The 13th Cincinnati Exposition will begin September 1 and close October 9.

We agree with the Capital that the democratic Senate made a sad mistake when it failed to concur in the House resolution to appoint experts to investigate the accounts of the State departments. The republican papers and stump speakers have insinuated for some time that rottenness existed in the management of our finances and they have led many people ignorantly and otherwise to believe it. When the slander could be so easily refuted and when a failure to order an investigation looks like fear of the result, the blunder was almost criminal and will be used by the republicans for all it is worth.

OUR thoughtful Congressman, Governor James B. McCreary, has sent us a huge volume issued by the census department entitled, "History and Present Condition of the Newspaper and Periodical Press of the United States," which contains much valuable and interesting information to the profession and for which he will please accept thanks.

GOV. KNOTT may laugh Judge Durham out of court, but the fact remains that the governors for the last few years have had much to do with the depleted state of the treasury. They have remitted many fines without good reason and by a profligate use of the pardoning power encouraged crime and thereby increased expenses.

HON. THOMAS J. SCOTT, of Madison, a fine lawyer and a clever gentleman, was nominated for Common Pleas Judge over Judge Hazelrigg in a primary election held Saturday.

THE Knights of Labor hold their meetings at Cleveland with closed doors. Is this because their deeds are evil and they are ashamed to have them made known?

THE gauge of 16,000 miles of Southern railroad was changed Sunday from its 5-foot gauge to the standard 4 feet 9 inches. It cost over a million and a half dollars.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Several inches of snow fell in Vermont last week.

—The L. & N. has just received 24 new engines from the Patterson Locomotive works.

—A railroad from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth Cave is to be completed within ninety days.

—W. W. Meacham, a furniture dealer, killed J. T. Lyle, a druggist, at Fulton, in a dispute over rent.

—Mrs. Louis Riel, widow of the dead rebel, died at her home in St. Vital, Tuesday, after an illness of two months.

—Of the ten Chicago anarchists indicted for murder, eight are in jail and each man will have to answer for six murders.

—The name of Judge M. J. Durham's reported fiancée is Mrs. Margaret Carter, nee Letcher, formerly of Lexington.

—A man has just been convicted in Shelby county of incest with his own daughter and sent to the penitentiary for six years.

—Six of the Chicago anarchists have been indicted for murder—A. Fischer, S. Fielden, Michael Schwab, August Spies, Louis Lingg and George Engel.

—Prof. H. K. Taylor will open his Campaign for Superintendent of Public Instruction with a speech at Mt. Sterling on June 5th. Subject, "Kentucky's Problems."

—The people of Kentucky want just such a man for their next Governor as Milton J. Durham. A better man can not be found for the place—[Maysville Bulletin].

—The date for the dedication of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty is fixed for Sept. 3d. This is the anniversary of the Treaty of Paris and is a fitting occasion for the dedication.

—Mason, Shanahan & Co., Mason, Hoge, Gooch & Co., the syndicate, which has contracted to build Huntington's new Maysville & Big Sandy road, will put 7,000 men to work and complete it by February 1.

—Huntington has gotten a charter through Congress giving him the right to bridge the Ohio at Cincinnati and build an elevated railroad over the city. The old gentleman says the bill is worth \$10,000,000 to him.

—The remains of James F. Leonard, the first telegraph operator to read by sound, have been transferred from Columbus Miss., to Frankfort, Ky., where a fine monument will be erected over them by the Telegraphers' Association.

—The collections of internal revenue during the first ten months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, amounted to \$95,303,666, being an increase of \$3,735,782 over the receipts during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

—Mrs. Hughes, formerly Miss Mollie Savage, of Lebanon, where she held a prominent place in religious circles, is under arrest in Louisville for shop-lifting, having been caught in the act of secreting a pair of silk hose in her voluminous bustle.

—A substitute for the Blair Bill, which appropriates \$8,000,000 annually for ten years, to be distributed among the States and Territories according to the ratio of illiteracy as established by the census of 1880. This is a bigger raid than the original.

—Near Rogersville, Tenn., John Davis, a half-witted boy, aged seven years, was carried to the middle of Holston river by two companions, Alexander Jones and Thomas Early, and held beneath the water until he was dead. The grand jury was in session and they were indicted for murder in the first degree within two hours after the murder was committed.

—A dispatch from Greenwood says the Lancaster Guards and the Lexington Friday gun section had a little racket Friday night. Some of the miners, or more probably some of the lawless scoundrels in that section, fired seven shots at two of the pickets. The fire was returned and the Gatling gun section, under Maj. Buckner Allen, turned out. No further attack was made, the attackers beating a hasty retreat.

To the Democracy of Lincoln.

The democrats of Lincoln county are requested to assemble at the Court-House Saturday, June 12, 1886, at 2 P. M., to appoint delegates to the Superior Court Convention, to be held at Lebanon, June 17th: J. E. LYNN, Chmn.

W. P. WALTON, Secy.

CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Dan Holman sold a 6-year-old gray horse to Mr. Johnson, of Knoxville, for \$110.

—Green and seasoned lumber of every description for sale at bottom prices. Dillain & Melvine. 4t eot.

—Mr. Wm. Stuart says he has a variety of early corn that matures below the surface of the ground and the only objection he has to it is that the moles sometimes eat out the ears and bed in the shucks.

—Jim Hutchinson, of this place, so closely resembles John Menefee that he was mistaken for John one day last week while passing near some young men who were playing base ball. One of the young men struck a Ten Broeck gait and lowered the record several seconds. Mr. Hutchinson saw his mistake and humored the joke to the delight of the witnesses.

—Miss Irene Dillion has returned home from Nicholasville. Mr. Miller and family, of Mercer county, are at Dripping Springs. Col. Slaughter has so far had 14 boarders this month and says that in a few days 40 to 50 guests from Louisville will be up to spend the entire season with him. Dave Hinman, Danville, spent Saturday and Sunday here. John Ballard, Danville, is visiting friends here.

—Nine young gentlemen of Stanford played a game of base ball here Saturday against the Crab Orchard nine, which resulted in a victory for the latter of 51 to 7, at the end of three innings each. The Stanford boys then had another inning and made five, when the game ended. Morris Harris was the umpire and was gracefully cheered by both nines for his correctness. The Stanford boys made friends here by the gentlemanly, good humored way they took their defeat. The same nines meet again next Saturday at Dripping Springs to partake of Col. Slaughter's hospitality and fight the battle over again.

—Again I have the painful task of writing to your readers of another death. This time it is of Mrs. Bettie Doores Holman who died last Saturday morning. For weeks she had been very low but was a patient sufferer and had all the attention and kindness from relatives and loving friends, whose devotion her gentleness and amiability had won to her. Mrs. Holman was a woman of unusual sweetness of disposition and nobility of character and like her grief-stricken husband was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. No more deservedly popular couple ever dwelt in this or other village and all upon whom the loss falls heavily have the sincere heartfelt sympathy.

RELIGIOUS.

—The General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church closed last week, after a session of only three weeks, the shortest ever held.

—One of the new Bishops, Eugene R. Hendrix, is to preside at the session of the Kentucky Conference, to be held at Winchester on September 8.

—The new Christian church, which in size and architecture is a credit to Junction City, was dedicated Sunday by Eld. J. S. Sweeney, who will continue to preach there during the week.

—A Congregational church at Evans-town, Ind., has called for the resignation of its pastor because he smoked cigars in public and rode a bicycle. Pretty good grounds we must admit.

—Dr. Withrow, the evolutionist member of Columbia Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian church, is to be dismissed for holding those views, the General Assembly having adopted such a resolution.

—The congregation of the Christian church at Stanford is divided into an organ and anti-organ element. The anti-organ wing has sought refuge from the devil in the organ, by worshipping in the court-house.—[Paris News].

—Rev. F. S. Pollitt said to a large and appreciative last Sunday evening: "The midnight robber with a fiendish glare in his eye presents his pistol and says, 'Your money or your life.' The whisky-seller with a hypocritical smile presents a glass and says, 'Your money and your life.'"

—We regret that we were unable to accept Squire E. B. Caldwell's kind invitation to attend the dedicatory services of the new Double Springs church near Wayneburg, Sunday. Mr. W. H. Miller and wife and Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Maran, attended from here and from Mr. Miller we learn that Rev. J. M. Coleman preached a very excellent sermon; that the church, which is a handsome and well-furnished one, was dedicated free from debt, the full amount of the \$2,500, which it cost, having been paid. A nice new organ graces the church and everything connected with the new house of worship is a credit to the neighborhood, which in point of morals and religious sentiment is not equalled in the county.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Grass and Brier Scythes and Snaths at T. R. Walton's.

—A. T. Nunnally bought of J. E. Lynn a car-load of hogs at \$3.40.

—Charles Dunn sold to Robert McAllister his fine 3-year-old Messenger D. for \$1,500.

—Cash Tankersley, a well known jockey, was thrown from Brother Ban at Latonia and killed.

—Capt. Lynch, of Tennessee, bought of George D. Hopper a young gray horse for \$140; of Dr. J. F. Peyton, his bay for \$135 and of J. S. Murphy a 4 year old filly for \$95.

—A Chicago firm has executed a contract to supply 7,000,000 pounds of canned beef for the French army.

—The Latonia Races are progressing finely and the sport is excellent. The K. C. offers very low rates.

—Board & Hatchell shipped four car-loads of lambs from our depot Tuesday—the first of the season, and bought of different parties at 6 cents per pound. They also shipped at same time two car-loads of 1,400 distillery fed cattle, for which they paid \$4.80 per hundred. They were as nice a lot of this class as we ever saw.—[Harrodsburg Democrat].

To the Democracy of the 2d Superior Court District of Kentucky.

The following resolutions of the District Committee were adopted at Frankfort May 17th:

Resolved by the democracy of the 2d Superior Court District, 1. That a Convention is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Lebanon, Ky., at 12 o'clock M. on Thursday, the 17th of June, 1886, for the purpose of selecting a democratic candidate for Judge of the Superior Court from the 2nd District to be voted for at August election, 1886.

2. That the democratic voters of the several counties and Legislative districts composing said District will meet at their respective county seats on Saturday, the 12th day of June, in mass meeting at 2 o'clock P. M. and appoint delegates to said Convention on the basis of one vote for every 200 votes cast in 1884 for Cleveland and Hendricks and one vote for every fraction over 100 votes.

3. That the delegates to said Convention from Louisville shall be selected on the same day and same hour and at such places as the several Committees of said Legislative districts in Louisville may hereafter determine. J. STONE WALKER, Chm'n.

THOS. J. HARRIS, S. M. BURDET, J. H. STUART, Secretaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

R. Frank Sudduth was born Nov. 17th, 1832, died May 27th, 1886.

In sincere love and deep sorrow I write this memorial of this good man. In him we had the full "assurance of a man." His pure, deep, profound mind was only known to a few. With proper culture he would have been an ornament to any station in life. In his very humor there was always instruction. He could tell you of every important event of our country's history for the last 50 years; of every important Congressional measure, by whom introduced, its principal advocates and opponents. Yet in the face of all this, looked upon human greatness as a very little thing; threw away ambition, sat down at his own comfortable and hospitable fireside and would say:

"I am a true laborer; I owe no man hate; envy no man happiness; glad of other men's good; am content with my farm."

It was my good fortune to know him for fifty years. I always had a place inside the sanctuary of his pure, honest heart. Between us there always existed a congeniality, a oneness not common among men. He lived, he died with clean hands; his clear, open, candid countenance and eye that looked you squarely in the face with a genial smile was never known to blush or blanch only in shame and confession for others. He conceived what was right and dared do it all; he could not be false; deception he scorned as gentlemen scorn dishonor. He was the very kindest of husbands, and while he made absolutely no display of affection, his wife and children were roses in his eyes. As a husband he was a credit to his wife; as a father a credit to his children; and it was a credit to me, a credit to any man to have him for his friend. To his dear stricken ones I will say:

"Our lives are songs, God writes the words, And we set them to music at pleasure, And the songs grow glad, or sweet, or sad, As we choose to fashion the measure."

We must write the music whatever the song, Whatever its rhyme or metre, And if it is and we can make it glad, Or if sweet we can make it sweeter.

Farewell friend of my childhood! Farewell friend of my early manhood, friend of my mature years, of my whole life! Farewell! Farewell! JOHN H. MILLER.

This is the way Gov. Knott replies to that part of Judge Durham's letter which tells what a governor should do:

In common with a great many other uninformed people, they have all along been under the impression that it was the duty of the Legislature to provide for raising the public revenue as well as to direct for what purpose and in what amounts it should be expended. I labored under the delusion myself, I am ashamed to say, until I read your letter. I was lead into the error by superfluous paragraph in our Constitution—borrowed, I understand, from an old parliamentary custom in England—to the effect that all bills "for raising revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives," and under the mistaken idea that it was a proper matter for legislative action, I have twice been at great pains to lay before the General Assembly an exhaustive review of our fiscal affairs, with such modest suggestions as I felt authorized to offer in relation to certain amendments to our revenue system which I thought demanded by the best interests of the Commonwealth. The legislature just closed seems to have been under a similar impression, as that body, after great deliberation, recently passed a bill under the provisions of which, it is supposed, not only that sufficient revenue will be raised to meet all demands against the Treasury as they accrue, but that it will lead to a reduction of fully 50 per cent. in the rate of taxation long before your inauguration as Governor. If I had only known that it was my duty to provide the means for defraying the expenses of the Commonwealth and had understood how I could do so I might have saved the Legislature and myself a word of trouble.

WALL PAPER!

WALL PAPER!

WALL PAPER!

Trimmed and Ready for Use, at

M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S.

I have a small lot of

WAGON GEAR!

Which I will sell at Cost.

T. R. WALTON.

A Splendid Variety of

GARDEN SEEDS

In Bulk and in Papers can be found at

T. R. WALTON'S.

CANNED GOODS & OTHER GROCERIES

Of best kinds, at

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Come with the tide to us for—

Candies, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Preserves, Jelly, Cocoa, Cloves, Canned Goods, Pine Apple, Spice, Cinnamon, Cakes, Prunes, Fruit, Bakers Chocolate, Dried Apples, Corned Beef, Crackers, Starch, Soap, Soda, Tobacco, Cigars, Lamps, Chimneys, Coal Oil, Queensware, Tinware, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Powder, Shot, Cartridges, Hoes, Rakes, Seed Potatoes—in fact, everything in the Grocery line, and also plain and fancy Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Wagon Gear, etc., etc., manufactured for us by the popular firm of W. E. Carson & Son, Country Producers of every description wanted. Remember that we buy and sell just as low as any firm possibly can, unless they carry on business for pleasure—and that is a fact we desire especially to reiterate, emphasize and impress upon the minds of an intelligent public. We GUARANTEE entire satisfaction, always, and deliver all goods anywhere in or within a few miles of Stanford or our suburban city of Rowland.

H. C. RUPLEY,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

I have received and still receiving—

New Goods for Spring and Summer,

Comprising the best in the market, which will be

Gotten Up in Style and Made Second to None in City or Country.

Give Me a Trial.

H. C. RUPLEY.

Wall Paper,

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Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

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